To Love You, Fully

by LollipopCop

Summary

It was a bit of a surprise when Aziraphale was the one who needed reassurance during their first time, but nothing snapped Crowley out of his own anxiety more than the need to love and take care of him.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

Aziraphale was standing there with a cup of tea in his hands, looking out the window and watching the sun rise. He had a peaceful smile on his face. After sipping his tea, he let out a small sigh. He was enjoying the world that was somehow still here after it was supposed to end a week ago.

Crowley watched him from the doorway, feeling a smile of his own spreading on his lips. The previous night, they drank heavily and watched a filmed performance of Hamlet for old times’ sake. It was just plain fun, and it was even better with the unspoken acknowledgment that no one could stop them from having nights like this anymore. Eventually, being drunk went from being fun to the uncomfortable feeling of all the alcohol catching up to their bodies, so they sobered up about ten minutes ago. Crowley didn’t know where the mug or tea came from, because he never made himself tea, but he figured Aziraphale must have miracled everything up.

Crowley’s heart felt full as he let his eyes trace over Aziraphale. Having him in his flat was still so new and surreal. Crowley couldn’t say he belonged here—he knew Aziraphale belonged in his cluttered, homey bookshop and not his minimalist flat—but it was still nice. Last night was nice, too. Sometimes, privately, Crowley admitted he liked nice things. He hoped he could have more of them, now that Heaven and Hell thought they were invincible and didn’t want anything to do with them.
Aziraphale turned his face and smiled wider. “It’s morning,” he said quietly.

Before the apocalypse, Crowley would have said a snarky, “Yeah, I can obviously see that”, but last week changed them both. He came to stand beside Aziraphale and looked at the sun, too. “Yeah,” was all he said.

Aziraphale turned back to the window with a happy little sigh that made Crowley’s heart flutter. “I haven’t watched the sun rise in some time,” he said.

Crowley licked his lips. “It’s good, isn’t it?”

“It’s so lovely,” Aziraphale said pleasantly.

Crowley wasn’t looking at the sun anymore. His heart was beating loud enough that he worried Aziraphale could hear it. It was easy to let his mind wander and rant about anything under the sun when he was drunk, but sobriety always brought his love for Aziraphale to the center of his mind. Hiding his feelings was so hard when their lives would be in danger if they got together, but now that they were free? It felt bloody impossible to hold back. Crowley felt like he was coming apart at the seams with the effort it took to patch up the tidal wave of love attempting to burst through his chest. This happened when he was sober, too; he got stupidly poetic.

Aziraphale’s light eyelashes fluttered with a blink. “To think we were worrying about Agnes’ last prophecy only a week ago.”

“This week is better,” he said dumbly.

But Aziraphale only flashed his joyful little smile at him. “Much better,” he said and patted Crowley’s arm.

He gulped. They so rarely touched.

Aziraphale removed his hand and looked back outside.

Crowley didn’t know how much longer he could take this. He didn’t want to pressure Aziraphale, never did, but he just wanted to know; was all of this one-sided? Was it all in his head, or did Aziraphale’s longing looks over the years mean something more? Crowley slid his sunglasses farther up his nose, his hand shaking. He hated that nervous tic of his, but he couldn’t help it. When he and Aziraphale looked at each other longer than usual, or Aziraphale said something a little bit suggestive, it was like his brain short-circuited. He tripped over his syllables and hissed his sibilants, and his face turned warm and his hands had the tendency to tremble. It was difficult to avoid that type of reaction when it came to Aziraphale, the owner of his heart.

He swallowed again. Sometimes he loved Aziraphale so much he just wanted to break down and cry about it. Demons weren’t equipped to handle this much love, and damn it, the only thing he couldn’t handle more was the rejection. He understood why Aziraphale acted the way he did last weekend and knew he didn’t mean it, but it still hurt Crowley deeply. He hadn’t had a chance to really react and absorb everything that happened to them last weekend, and he was barely holding it together.

Aziraphale looked at him, his smile faltering slightly. “Are you all right?”

Crowley looked away quickly, grateful for his sunglasses. “Mhm.”

He was never really subtle about he felt, though, was he? Aziraphale had to know. He wouldn’t
have said he went too fast if he didn’t know Crowley wanted to take their relationship to another level. He wouldn’t have told Crowley he would never talk to him again as a threat if he didn’t know how important he was to him. For all of his stubbornness, Aziraphale was clever.

“Come now,” Aziraphale turned his body towards him. “You know you can tell me. We trust each other. Our side, remember?”

Crowley was going to lose it. He was going to fall to his knees and beg Aziraphale not to run away, not again. He shrugged. “It’s nothing. I’m just thinking.” He didn’t want to say that, but his cowardice won him over.

Aziraphale did not look convinced.

Crowley wanted reassurance that they would never argue like the way they did last Saturday again, but he couldn’t ask that of Aziraphale. Neither of them knew what the future held, despite their new unemployment. He loved Aziraphale more than he thought possible, and after everything that happened over the years, Crowley was so, so tired. He wished he could collapse into Aziraphale’s arms and hibernate for years. Pretending that he wasn’t hopelessly in love for thousands of years had finally taken its toll, and his facade was chipping away.

There was a little crease in between Aziraphale’s eyebrows. “Well, tell me what you’re thinking. I might be able to help.”

Crowley sniffed, trying to prevent his features from crumbling like a balled up piece of paper. “Not this. I can’t tell you this,” he said roughly. I can’t take you saying ‘no’ again. Please, not again.

Aziraphale was now staring at him seriously. “Try me,” he challenged.

Crowley’s mouth was dry and his tongue felt too big for his mouth. He didn’t think joining Aziraphale over here would lead to this, but he wasn’t surprised that he was losing his cool. He thought he lost Aziraphale forever last week after being rejected twice; he couldn’t recover from that in a week. Not after 6,000 years of yearning and aching for the goodness that was Aziraphale’s love. If he were younger, or if it were the early days when his love for Aziraphale was fresh and easier to ignore, he could pull himself together. But now the ache in his heart was nearly as old as time itself, and for once, Crowley wanted to stop fighting it.

Aziraphale was gazing up at him with the morning sun highlighting his fair hair and eyelashes. His gentle blue eyes were waiting. “Tell me, please.”

Crowley could never really deny him a request. But this one was conditional. “If I tell you, promise you won’t avoid me for centuries,” he said, voice somehow staying steady. “I can’t—I don’t want that.”

“I promise,” Aziraphale said, the crease between his eyebrows growing deeper. “I wouldn’t...Crowley, Crowley, you’re shaking like a leaf,” he said with concern, eyes widening. “My dear fellow, what is it?”

Great. Just great. He was in less control than he thought. Crowley took a deep breath, his heart in his throat. He was just so bloody exhausted. If he confessed, then maybe he would know the peace of not hiding anything. “I just can’t do this anymore. Not after everything that’s happened,” he said, balling his hands into fists to try to get them to stop shaking.

Aziraphale tensed beside him.

Not a good sign. But he got the taste of confessing and couldn’t control himself. “I’m going to go
mad if I don’t say it. But I’ll ruin us.” He shook his head, looking down at his snakeskin shoes. “I’ll ruin us when we just started being happy.”

Aziraphale was no longer holding his tea (the cup must have been miracled away). His hands were clasped together in front of his chest. “You won’t ruin a thing,” he breathed.

Crowley’s throat was tight. But that was what he did; he ruined everything he touched. He didn’t mean to condemn humanity to death with the apple. He didn’t mean to end their friendship, and yet that was what he was about to do. His muscles shook harder.

“Just,” Crowley started. “You don’t have to say anything.” He didn’t want to hear Aziraphale reject him, because the words would never stop playing on repeat in his mind. “I know, okay? I know why you won’t. I wouldn’t want…” He trailed off. *I wouldn’t want me either.* He shook his head again, eyes squeezed shut.

“Crowley, please say it,” Aziraphale told him, worriedly. “Whatever it is, you’ll feel better once you do.”

*Nope.* He breathed in deeply through his nose. A tiny part of him was screaming to stop right this instant, but a larger part told him he couldn’t go on like this, as if nothing changed after the apocalypse. He shouldn’t be doing this, but what he should do and what he needed to do were two different things.

“You don’t have to say anything,” Crowley repeated nervously. “You don’t have to explain yourself. You can walk away. You can forget about it, but please come back soon.” He was acutely aware of how pathetic he sounded, and that this was more open than he ever let himself be around anyone. “Y-you can go home and forget about it, as long as we can still go out for dinner this week, or something.” He couldn’t handle Aziraphale leaving him for years, but Crowley understood if he wanted a little space after this. He just needed to say this, for his own sake, because he was such a selfish soul.

“Tell me,” Aziraphale insisted, sounding more desperate than impatient.

His eyes were closed so tightly that it hurt. “Aziraphale?” Crowley asked softly. He always loved the shape of his name on his tongue.

“Yes?” he asked.

Crowley looked up at the orange and purple sky, because if he saw Aziraphale’s face while he rejected him, he wouldn’t be able to sleep again. “You know I love you, right?” he murmured, voice rumbling in his throat. His shaking hands were now in his pockets, and his heart felt weird. Was this a heart attack? He didn’t think so, but he wouldn’t know for sure.

There was a long, heavy moment of silence.

Crowley’s heart was going fucking insane in his chest.

“I do,” Aziraphale replied in a near-whisper.

Oh. Well. There it was, wasn’t it? He definitely knew, but never said anything. Crowley dared to look at him.

Aziraphale’s eyes were glistening and his brow was pinched in pain. The beautiful, serene smile from earlier was wiped off his face and replaced with misery.
Crowley looked away quickly, as if he was scalded by the look, his heart feeling like it was being stung with pins and needles. “‘M sorry,” he said quickly, because now he went and screwed everything up and upset Aziraphale. Look what you did. You knew this would happen, you idiot. He should have kept it in for another few hundred years. He had to go and open his stupid mouth. “I’m sorry.”

Aziraphale’s hand was on his shoulder. “Don’t be,” he said intently. “Don’t you dare be sorry for that,” his voice trembled. “Please look at me.”

Crowley did, and discreetly miracled his lenses to be darker. Aziraphale wasn’t running away, so at least there was that. Still, Crowley was dangerously close to falling apart completely.

Aziraphale’s hand came upon his cheek, steadying him. “Don’t you ever be sorry for something so good,” his voice cracked.

Crowley shook his head reflexively. Instead of dwelling on his morality, he took in the pain in Aziraphale’s eyes and said, “I shouldn’t have told you, but I don’t know what to do anymore. I can’t keep it in.” He closed his eyes. “Don’t hate me, angel. If I could help it, I would.” He might as well lay it all out, right? At least Aziraphale was being kind about this. Be merciful. You’re an angel. You’re supposed to have mercy. But not for the Damned. “I can’t stop loving you. I’d try, but then I’d see you again and it’d all come back.”

Aziraphale let out a little cry and surged forward, capturing his lips.

Crowley stopped shaking and settled on melting instead.

Okay, so. Apparently Aziraphale was being more than kind about this.

He breathed in harshly through his nose and kissed back hard and as best as he knew how. This was the opposite of rejection. Aziraphale was kissing him. Crowley couldn’t believe it. He wasn’t fleeing the flat or saying how and why he could never return his pathetic, unwanted feelings. Crowley’s brain was a train wreck, but his body knew to keep kissing.


Crowley kissed him again, because the first touch of his soft lips was addicting, and if Aziraphale talked any more, Crowley just might cry. As he felt a tear slip from his eye, he waved his hand and miracled it away, and then cupped Aziraphale’s face, his thumbs on his cheeks and his fingers extending into his soft hair. His heart was pressing intensely against his rib cage, like he was going to burst. It was nearly painful and he couldn’t suppress a whimper. Their kiss was hard and impassioned, Aziraphale coaxing his mouth open. Crowley was reeling. The press of their lips together was better than divine (and he would know; he was divine once). Aziraphale’s lips were petal-soft and smooth. He took Crowley’s lower lip into his mouth and sucked lightly. Heat shot to Crowley’s groin, and he almost groaned ridiculously loudly when Aziraphale nibbled his lip. These bodies they were given, that had become part of them, were so bloody sensitive.

They were never really good at talking, though. That was the bit they really should have stopped to do, but Crowley would be damned twice if he let this amazing, indescribable moment pass. Their hands were running over each other’s shoulders and chests, stopping and gripping each other’s hips. How could they be expected to do anything but turn into a mess of grasping hands and desperate kisses after all this time?

Crowley’s mind was blank and fuzzy with euphoria and excitement, and his lips tingled where
Aziraphale sucked. Crowley had touched himself in the past, but it didn’t match up to Aziraphale’s hands at all. Through the haze of his mind, Crowley knew he wanted to show Aziraphale just how loved he was. He moved away from his delicious mouth that tasted of tea and pressed open-mouthed kisses on the warm skin of his neck. Crowley kissed him deeper, his forked tongue licking a patch of skin after he sucked it. His snake features only came out when he was losing control. He knew that, but couldn’t round his tongue again now. He was drunk on love, getting lost in the scent of Aziraphale’s cologne and the taste of his skin, but he kept going, too, because he was afraid that if he stopped, Aziraphale would change his mind and leave.

No, wait. He had to ask if this was okay. This wasn’t just about him.

Crowley lifted his face, his sunglasses crooked on his nose. “Is this okay?” he hissed.

Aziraphale was blushing deeply. His eyes were dark, lips parted and turning red, and his hair was sticking up from Crowley’s fingers. He removed Crowley’s sunglasses with trembling fingers. “Keep,” he croaked. He cleared his throat. “Keep going.” He released a shuddering breath. “I want…” He swallowed, eyes downcast. He placed his hand on Crowley’s chest.

“Yeah?”

“I was told for so long that demons cannot love, that I had developed such doubt over the years,” he said, sounding ashamed. He took a deep breath. “But deep down, I knew Heaven was so dreadfully wrong. I shouldn’t have let them play with my head and doubt your affection. But it’s still so difficult to shake off their nonsense.” His breathing quivered. ”And when you were going to leave for Alpha Centauri...you were right to, but…”

Crowley felt cold. “You thought I was gonna leave you forever.” Oh, oh no. Oh, damn it, he fucked up.

“I wouldn’t have blamed you,” he said, voice shattering.

Crowley covered his hand with his, feeling like the worst person in the world. He had been so angry and upset that he didn’t realize how his words could cut Aziraphale. “I didn’t. I came back. Wherever you are, I’ll come to you,” he promised.

“I know, but...This morning, would you…?” he sighed harshly. “I have no right to ask, but stay with me. Show me how much you care for me, please?”

There was nothing in the universe that could make Crowley deny that request. He buried his face back into Aziraphale’s neck to kiss again, but to hide his tearing, exposed eyes. “I’ll show you,” he murmured into his neck in between kisses, his knees shaking as they stumbled towards the bedroom. He shuddered hard, because fuck, this was really happening. Aziraphale wanted Crowley’s love. A week ago, he said they weren’t friends, but this was what he truly wanted? And he was upset when Crowley left him? He had to make it right. He wasn’t the only one hurt by the restrictions put on their relationship. “You only had to ask,” Crowley told him, and kissed him deeply on the lips. He never actually kissed someone before today, but it was like his mouth knew exactly how to align with Aziraphale’s. Or maybe he was awful at this and Aziraphale didn’t mind. He didn’t know. His shaking knees gave out when the back of his legs hit his mattress. When he sat on the mattress, Aziraphale came with him.

Crowley now had a lap full of angel, and the pressure on his thighs and groin made him roll his eyes back. He had pictured this so many times and in so many ways, but having Aziraphale in his lap was a fantasy that would always make him come embarrassingly quickly. He regained focus
and held him tightly.

Aziraphale wrapped his arms around his neck and nuzzled soft, sucking kisses to the side of his jaw.

Crowley’s hardness started to strain against his jeans. He was saying something important. What was it…? Oh, right, right. “If you’d asked me, I’d shown you long ago. I won’t leave you.”

“I know,” Aziraphale whimpered. “I’m sorry,” he shuddered, bowing his head.

Crowley started to press kisses to his hair and run his hands up and down his soft sides, but gradually, he realized Aziraphale was outright trembling continuously.

Panic breaking through the warm mush in his chest, Crowley stopped kissing him. “Hey, what is it?”

Aziraphale shook harder.

Crowley grasped his chin and made him look up. “Angel,” his heart broke at the sight. Aziraphale’s eyes were filled with tears.

“I’m sorry. I went too far—"

Aziraphale shook his head roughly. “No. It’s not your fault.” He sniffl ed. “Oh, look at me. I want this, Crowley. I’ve wanted this with you so very badly for so long, and I don’t know what’s happening to me. You’ve been so patient and here I am, mucking everything up,” he said wretchedly and covered his eyes with a hand.

“No,” Crowley told him sincerely, fighting past a lump in his throat. “You’re not mucking anything up.” It occurred to him that he was so caught up in his own head and anxiety that he completely underestimated the effect that breaking 6,000 years of repression would have on Aziraphale. What a terrible, stupid error on his part. “We…” He almost laughed bitterly. “We went a little too fast, didn’t we?”

Aziraphale lifted his head. He seemed to get the reference, and his face fell further. He opened his mouth, but didn’t say anything.

Crowley’s hands were running up and down his arms slowly. “It’s all right,” he said. “We can stop.”

“No,” Aziraphale frowned deeper. “I swear I want to make love with you.”

Crowley’s cheeks instantly caught on fire. “Uh,” he choked.

Aziraphale continued. “But it’s quite a lot to process.” He looked down, sounding immensely disappointed with himself. “I don’t know why I’m doing this. I want to enjoy myself with you. Why can’t I—why am I doing this?”

Crowley truly sympathized with him. He knew how horrible nerves and self-doubt could be. In that moment, his own anxieties faded away to the back of his mind. Nothing got him out of his own head more than wanting to take care of Aziraphale. This part was familiar territory; he needed to make his angel happy. He could do this.

Crowley curved his fingers and stroked Aziraphale’s round, flushed cheek with his knuckle, aching
at the look Aziraphale gave him. “We can go slow,” he told him. “I’ll take care of you. I always take care of you, right, angel?”

Aziraphale took his hand and kissed it. “You do, my dear.”

“And if you do wanna stop at any time, we can. I’ll do anything you want,” he said, the statement building up for centuries upon centuries. He had no idea that his golden eyes were gazing at Aziraphale with utter adoration, which was probably for the best. “Anything.”

His face turned even sadder. “I know. Oh, Crowley. I haven’t even said it yet.”

“Said what?”

Aziraphale squeezed his hand. “You’ve always been my dearest, most precious love, so close to my heart.”

Crowley pressed his lips together, his breaths coming out shaky, and he ignored the blurring of his vision. “I am?” If only he could go back in time when he was sobbing in his car on the way to the pub a week ago to tell himself Aziraphale was alive and loved him.

Aziraphale kissed his hand again. “You are, you wonderful creature. You’re so brilliant, and funny, and kind, and good. So much more than you give yourself credit for.”

Crowley blushed deeply, completely unused to anyone giving him compliments. “I’m not,” he denied in a mumble.

“You most certainly are. My good demon,” Aziraphale praised gently, his words a cool balm over the angry scar that ripped through the surface of Crowley’s soul from the Fall.

Crowley was starting to feel like he was coming apart again, his throat tight.

Aziraphale sighed unsteadily. “I need you now. Please.”

Crowley was kissing him in an instant. He couldn’t tell if the moisture on his face was from Aziraphale’s tears or his own, because he needed him, too. He was tired of going around and acting like he was fine and didn’t want or miss Aziraphale like crazy.

They changed positions so Aziraphale was laying beneath Crowley on the bed.

“Crowley,” Aziraphale broke the kiss. “What if they find out it was a lie? What if they still come for us?” he asked, words quickening and the pitch of his voice rising.

Crowley could practically see his mind running a mile a minute. “Shhhh,” he hushed against the shell of his ear, his hand running over his chest and feeling the quick beating of his heart. “They won’t. You don’t have to be scared anymore.” He kissed behind his ear. “I know it’s hard, but get out of your head.” He knew what it was like, to have that ball of fear in your chest that constantly made you look over your shoulder and paralyzed you with anxiety. He basically lived in his flat with the constant paranoia that someone from Hell would pop up on is television. He should have known Aziraphale was no better. He should have been there more, although he knew Aziraphale probably would have denied his help until now. Fuck Heaven for hurting him.

Aziraphale turned his face and kissed him, tongue tracing over the seam of his lips before slipping inside of his mouth.

Crowley never did this before—never felt attracted to humans, who could grow old and sick and
die frighteningly quickly—and never wanted anyone but Aziraphale to touch him. Demons were practically raised to have trust issues, and he couldn’t let go around anyone else. Being vulnerable around him was almost easy, but Aziraphale was clearly having trouble letting go in front of Crowley. Aziraphale was told for who-knows how long that demons could never be trusted, but went through an existential crisis and was betrayed by his own kind last week. Crowley was glad he wasn’t actually there to hear Gabriel tell “him” to die.

Their kiss was a lot slower now, with Crowley’s head tilted for a better angle. The change was a good idea, and they both moaned when their mouths fitted together even better. Crowley wasn’t about to admit that he only learned about tilting your head during kissing from an American sitcom, when Fran Drescher told a teenage girl to do it on The Nanny, because that would involve admitting that he had even less experience than a teen.

Aziraphale’s hands were hesitant when they tugged on his shirt.

Crowley thought of miracling their clothes away, but that might be too sudden for Aziraphale. He only waved away his own shirt so Aziraphale could touch. Crowley groaned when warm hands were on his chest. He was getting so into it that his tongue split into his forked form, and it wrapped around Aziraphale’s easily.

Aziraphale stilled and grunted.

Crowley slid his tongue out and pressed kisses to his cheek instead. “’S okay,” he hissed against his skin.

Aziraphale’s hands smoothed down to his waist and grasped his hips.

“That’s it,” he encouraged, goosebumps rising on his bare skin. “Feels nice.”

“You can,” Aziraphale started. “Erm. Well.” He shut his eyes. “Oh, bugger.” He snapped his fingers and his chest was bare. “There.”

Crowley couldn’t stop his jaw from dropping open or his cock getting harder in his jeans. He’d never seen Aziraphale without a shirt.

“I didn’t know snake eyes could dilate,” Aziraphale commented.

Crowley laced their fingers together, braced their hands down on the mattress, and started kissing Aziraphale’s chest, his mouth itching to feel that pink skin dusted with thin, light hair. He heard breath hitch above him.

“You’re okay,” Crowley mumbled near his heart. I love you, was on a loop in Crowley’s head. His lips came to a pink nipple and he closed his mouth around it (he liked playing with his own, so he figured Aziraphale would like it, too). The sensitive bud hardened beneath his tongue, sending a sharp shiver down his spine. He lapped, and having a forked tongue meant it could swirl around his nipple with ease.

Aziraphale’s hips writhed beneath him and his chest started heaving. He was breathing out of his mouth.

Calm him, Crowley’s mind ordered. He lifted his head and kissed his neck, while one hand moved to rub his thumb in circles over the other nipple. To be the cause of Aziraphale writhing in pleasure was nothing short of dizzying.

“Breathe,” Crowley told him. “You’re all right.”
Aziraphale squeezed his other hand tightly. “This can’t be good,” he said thickly. “I’m merely lying here—“

Crowley silenced him swiftly with a kiss. “You’re better than I imagined,” he said honestly. It was mad that Aziraphale thought he wasn’t a good partner. He was so perfect. “Don’t you worry.”

Aziraphale’s forehead creased. “I don’t want to lose this, but what if we do? What if we didn’t really get away with it?”

Crowley’s hand stopped at his chest and cupped his cheek. He hated how unhappy Aziraphale must have been over the years, how scrutinized he must have felt by Heaven, and how afraid he was. They both spent so long so damn afraid. Crowley caressed his cheek. “I’m not saying it’s impossible, but it’s really unlikely.” He kissed the corner of his mouth. “No one ever has to know. It’s just us. We’re here, after all this time.” He brushed the light curls back from his ear. “Be here with me.” *Be here. Don’t run away, even in your mind. Please, be here.* His heart was thumping hard, and he cupped Aziraphale’s jaw, his thumb tracing over his swollen bottom lip. He was so gorgeous, Crowley wished he could take a picture and frame it. He dreamed of holding Aziraphale’s face like this for so long. “Angel,” his voice softened, “let me care of you. Don’t let them ruin us anymore.”

Aziraphale’s expression changed at that. He blinked twice. “That’s what I’m doing,” he said, like a lightbulb went off above his head. “You’re right.” He pressed a little kiss to the pad of Crowley’s thumb. “Please continue. I trust you.”

“Sure?”

“Positive.”

They kissed again, and they blindly tugged at each other’s clothes as they licked into each other’s mouths, and their lips pressed together hard enough that Crowley thought they were about to accidentally do the body swap again. Some of their clothes came off manually, some by miracle. At one point, Aziraphale braced an elbow on the bed and lifted his torso up so he could press hot, slow kisses to Crowley’s neck, right under his ear.

“Nnnnnugh,” Crowley moaned, eyes slipping closed. He didn’t know that spot was so sensitive on him. His cock strained against his pants and, without meaning to, he bucked his hips forward against Aziraphale’s.

“Sorry!” he hissed when Aziraphale gasped. “It just feels good.”

Aziraphale nodded, looking up at him with nervous, but interested eyes, half-lidded.

“Fuck, you’re sexy,” Crowley blurted out, like a gigantic moron.

Aziraphale’s eyes crinkled with happiness. “Thank you. You’re positively gorgeous. I’ve always thought so.”

He gulped. “Even the eyes?” he asked shyly.

Aziraphale’s brow furrowed and he pushed Crowley’s fringe away from his forehead. “*Especially* the eyes,” he whispered. “So captivating, and so tender.”

Crowley somehow blushed deeper through his flush of arousal and he averted his gaze, willing his tear ducts to stay dry. “Don’t say you liked my hairstyle during Elizabethan times,” he deflected, because no one ever said his eyes were anything less than terrifying.
Aziraphale giggled. “All right, you caught me. I didn’t like the beard, mainly. It was...goat-like.”

He smiled a little. “Knew it.” He used to imagine Aziraphale running his fingers through his long hair. Hm. Maybe he’d grow it out again in the near future.

Aziraphale looked down and raised his eyebrows. “Oh my. We’re quite wound up, aren’t we?”

Crowley looked down, and a strangled set of vowels left his throat when he saw Aziraphale’s erection tenting in his pants. “Y-yeah, I guess.” Aziraphale is hard for you. Holy fucking shit. He stopped staring like a weirdo. He saw that Aziraphale was biting his lip nervously, and went back into his comforting mode. “Okay?”

Aziraphale nodded, lying flat on his back again. “I’m only not sure where to go from here, exactly,” he fretted.

Crowley kissed his forehead. “You’re fine. Whatever you want, it’ll be fine. This is my first time, too.”

Aziraphale averting his gaze. “Um, funny story, really...”

He froze. “Wait. Is this your first time?”

“...No,” he admitted, twiddling his thumbs. “But it’s my first time with you, my one true companion. It’s far different from anything else I’ve experienced.”

Crowley’s lip quivered. By the way he was acting, he honestly thought Aziraphale never did this before. “I have that much of an effect on you?” he found himself asking.

“More than you know,” he said softly, petting Crowley’s hair back and looking away again. “Your affection for me is very overwhelming, in a good way. No one’s ever felt such fondness for me.” His voice quieted. “Probably ever. I’m rather unprepared to handle it.”

Crowley was pressing kisses to his face, because his chest was suddenly cramping. I love you more than Heaven or humanity ever could. I love you more than any human loves anyone. I swear, I love you more than God Herself.

Aziraphale’s head was twisted to the side, giving Crowley access to his neck. “I want you,” he said. “All of you. Make love to me, please.”

Crowley wheezed. “Uh, ya-you sure?”

“Yes,” Aziraphale said, and grabbed his face to kiss him hard. “I don’t know what to do with all this love you’ve given me. I need—“ his voice broke.

Through his arousal, Crowley’s instinct to care for him broke through again. He had the privilege of having sex, no, making bloody love to Aziraphale. He had to be good. He had to work to give him everything he wanted. “I’ll be gentle,” he murmured, stroking his hands over those soft, thick, creamy thighs. “I’ll never hurt you,” he told him sincerely.

“You never have,” Aziraphale gazed up at him with shining dark eyes.

“I...It might not be like what you had before.” The idea that Aziraphale had previous experience to compare this to was a little intimidating. What if he was actually fucking terrible at, well, fucking? What if he disappointed him and it was a giant let-down?
But Aziraphale merely said, “You’re already better.”

Crowley didn’t know what to say, so he occupied his mouth with kissing. They were fully hard now, with their exploring hands, hot, sloppy kisses, and bare skin. Soon, they were completely naked and he had his fingers inside of Aziraphale. Fucking hell. The lube came from a quick miracle, but working Aziraphale open the human way was slower, more intimate, and the only appealing option. Crowley could have come from this alone, untouched, by watching Aziraphale’s mouth fall open and hearing his deep moans. The inside of his body was so hot, and Crowley felt pleasure swirling around at his tip, making him leak right onto Aziraphale’s stomach. That sight made Crowley choke and he had to shut his eyes for a moment. That was definitely getting filed away into the Wank Fantasies folder in his mind for later. He tentatively wrapped his other hand around Aziraphale’s cock. He felt the hot skin twitch in his hand, and watched in awe when Aziraphale bit his knuckle and moaned. Crowley stroked his hand from base to tip, and he was painfully hard as Aziraphale let out more whining, breathy moans behind his fist. Crowley had to shift his hips to try to distract from his erection begging for attention.

“I’m ready,” Aziraphale told him breathlessly.

Crowley slid his fingers in and out of him again, testing the slickness. “Sure?”

He nodded and wrapped his arms around Crowley’s neck, flushed pink from his round cheeks down to his chest. “Come on, love.”

Crowley shivered and took his fingers away. He braced his hands down on the mattress and whimpered when his tip nudged Aziraphale’s entrance. This is really happening. I’m gonna lose my mind. “Ahh!” he whined when he carefully pushed into the all-consuming, tight heat. Too tight? “Okay? You okay?” he managed.

“Yes,” Aziraphale wrapped his legs around the back of Crowley’s thighs, clinging to him.

Crowley’s body trembled as he slid in all the way, and he had to bite his lip hard with his fangs to keep from coming. He could tell his eyes were completely yellow around the slits, but all of his self-control was dedicated to not coming right away like a sodding teenager. Okay, okay, he can do this. Thighs trembling, he pulled back and thrust back in, hissing at the sensation of hot pressure all over his cock. He barely had any control, and he felt reaffirmed with his assessment made early in history that he never wanted any human to see him like this. This thrust into him slowly, feeling the slick drag of skin against skin, transfixed as Aziraphale’s mouth opened with a series of uhhh, uhhh, uhhh s that was the sexiest thing Crowley ever heard. He was thrilled that he was able to make him feel so good.

Aziraphale’s face was a perfect painting of ecstasy, with his eyebrows furrowed in pleasure, his light curls damp and messy from Crowley’s hands and from moving against the pillowcase, and sweat beading on his forehead. But his eyes were what shot a Cupid’s bow through Crowley’s heart. He gazed up at Crowley with unadulterated love, to the point where his eyes filled with tears and he threw his head to the side on the pillow with a cry.

Crowley kissed his cheek, still thrusting slowly, but steadily (well, as steadily as he could, which was actually quite a bit shakily, but he didn’t know). “You’re okay,” he mumbled against his skin. “Let go, it’s okay.”

Aziraphale’s fingers dug into his shoulders hard, his chest heaving with short, sharp inhales.

Crowley kissed the underside of his jaw. “Tell me what to do,” he said. “H-how…” He moaned, and then shook his head. He couldn’t get lost in himself. “How do I make it better?”
“You’re perfect,” Aziraphale groaned, and started moving his hips to meet Crowley’s thrusts.

“Unnnh,” Crowley muffled his moan into his neck, because fuck that was good. His elbows shook and he had to brace his forearms on the bed and lean on them before his arms gave out and he fell on top of him. The new position meant that his abdomen brushed over Aziraphale’s leaking cock with each thrust.

“Crowley,” Aziraphale whimpered, “Crowley, I’m sorry for last week. For everything.”

Crowley stopped dead in his tracks, lifting his head.

Aziraphale turned his face and met his gaze, utterly wrecked, a tear rolling down his left cheek. Crowley surged forward with a thrust and kissed the tear away, shushing Aziraphale’s loud cry. His own face felt wet, and if his mind could focus on anything but Aziraphale, he would have known he started crying over a minute ago. “Shhh,” he hissed after kissing him fiercely. He nuzzled their noses and lips together, thrusting harder now, feeling drunk. “It’s over. Don’t cry, angel, shhh.” His heart sent ripples of fondness, but pain, too, throughout his body with each pounding beat. He hated the sight of him upset. “I’m—shit, ungh, f-fuck—’m yours. I’ve always been yours.” He bowed his head, below Aziraphale’s chin and burying his face into his chest, their hips meeting in faster snaps. His bollocks were pulling up, and it was a struggle to keep talking and not dissolve into a hissing, moaning mess. “I love you so much. You’re my angel,” he babbled, and moved his arms to hug him as best as he could. “I’ve got you, Aziraphale,” he promised into his chest, over his heart. “I’ve got you, my angel.” He whined and bit his clavicle, and babbled more words of love that were supposed to have been ripped from his vocabulary long ago.

Aziraphale’s fingernails dug deeper into his shoulders. He sounded as desperate as Crowley felt. “Ho-how can you forgive me? You’ve always been, ohh, always been here and I was so awful.”

Crowley’s heart truly broke and he leaned up to kiss him as gently as he possibly could. “There’s nothing to forgive.” If he could punish those archangels for making Aziraphale feel so guilty and badly about himself, he would.

“When you forgive me, I’ll always be here.”

Aziraphale threw his head back with a long moan and he came, back arching off the bed. His muscles clenched rhythmically around Crowley, and Crowley didn’t know what happened after that because he came hard. He shouted, vision turning fuzzy, his body was awash with pleasure. His brain was mush.

When he regained his awareness, he realized a hand was stroking his hair. He lifted his head and saw he completely collapsed on top of Aziraphale.

“Shit,” he pulled out of him and sat up, shivering at the oversensitivity. “Sorry.”

Aziraphale was lying there with come on his stomach and his hair a mess of white tufts, his skin shiny with sweat.

Crowley gaped, his heart thumping.

Aziraphale grinned softly. “Back to planet earth, dear?”
He rubbed the back of his neck. “How long was I out of it?”

“I’d say a good five minutes.”

Crowley looked down at the sheets. “Ah.” He was a loser.

Aziraphale sat up and kissed him sweetly. “It was rather endearing.”

He made a face and snapped his fingers so they were both significantly less sticky.

“How long was I out of it?”

“I’d say a good five minutes.”

Crowley looked down at the sheets. “Ah.” He was a loser.

Aziraphale sat up and kissed him sweetly. “It was rather endearing.”

He made a face and snapped his fingers so they were both significantly less sticky.

“How long was I out of it?”

“I’d say a good five minutes.”

Crowley looked down at the sheets. “Ah.” He was a loser.

Aziraphale sat up and kissed him sweetly. “It was rather endearing.”

He made a face and snapped his fingers so they were both significantly less sticky.

“Thank you,” he smiled wider. “That was so wonderful,” he said dreamily.

Crowley looked down at the mattress, feeling bashful. “I mean, it probably sucked and you’re just being nice,” he muttered.

Aziraphale kissed his cheekbone. “Nonsense. I’m not that nice.”

Crowley snorted.

Aziraphale’s nose scrunched up with a yawn, and he laid down again.

Crowley smirked. “Oh? Was that a yawn from Mr. Sleep Is a Waste of Time?”

“Oh, please. It was one yawn.” He blinked a couple of times sleepily. He scrubbed his hand over his face.

Crowley was in between smugness and fondness, because he was bloody adorable right now.

Crowley felt tired, himself. His muscles were loose and he kind of felt like a piece of boiled pasta.

A nap with Aziraphale sounded like a great idea. He laid down on his side.

Aziraphale yawned again and rolled over onto his side. “I’m only going to lie here for a few minutes,” he said.

“Sure you are.”

He glared at him.

Crowley smiled at him, but it faded a little. “Are you okay?” he asked again, just to be sure.

Aziraphale’s glare was gone. “Much more than okay. Thank you.”

Crowley shook his head and pressed a small kiss to his nose.

Aziraphale sighed softly. “I do love you so much,” he said, voice sweet as honey. “You make me very happy.”

His heart danced happily. “I know.” He believed it now. He was so incredibly lucky. The Damned was loved by the best angel She ever created. No one would ever believe that; it was something that would always stay between them. Crowley was okay with that. He was over the moon right now. He was sleepy with Aziraphale in his bed, after hearing words he’d imagined directed at him countless times over the years. How could he not be happy? It’d take ages for all of this to really sink in, but he was fine with staying in the honeymoon phase as long as possible.

“My dearest love,” Aziraphale whispered, placing his hand over his heart.

Brimming with fondness and still too happy to care about appearances, Crowley started to card his
fingers through his downy, damp curls.

Aziraphale hummed. “You naughty serpent. I know what you’re doing.”

“No idea what you’re talking about,” he denied, heart thumping when Aziraphale yawned for a third time.

“I can’t wait to make love to you next time,” Aziraphale said, eyes shutting briefly, in a tone like he was thinking of trying a new restaurant.

Crowley spluttered.

Aziraphale opened his eyes, grinning slightly. “I’d always imagined it going that way, but this morning? Oh, I don’t know. I didn’t anticipate how much your love would affect me, now that I can accept it. You were so very caring, as I knew you would be.”

Crowley grumbled a bit. “Shut up.” He thought of something. “So, uh, how much did you have sex before?”

“I didn’t keep count,” he said innocently. “Enough to know I like it, but it’s been awhile. It didn’t feel right once I knew I was in love with you. Does that sound silly?”

He shook his head. “Not at all. I never really wanted anyone else.” That sounded soppy. “I mean, um. I’m not really attracted to humans. And my eyes, and tongue, and teeth. They’d be hard to hide with humans.”

“Of course,” Aziraphale sounded amused. His face grew more serious, and he huddled closer to Crowley, turning his face into the crook between his neck and his shoulder. He sighed sleepily, breath fanning onto his skin.

Crowley held back a whimper and wrapped his arm around Aziraphale’s back, and his other hand lightly scratched at his scalp. Words of love were on his tongue again, but he wondered if it would be overkill.

“I can’t believe we’re finally here,” Aziraphale said wistfully. “I saw your affection over the years, and I wanted to return it so badly…”

Crowley kissed his forehead. “You were scared. ’S okay.” His worrying that Heaven and Hell would still come after them was proof enough, but he knew Aziraphale had been scared of the consequences of their relationship since day one. He couldn’t stay angry, when they were both suffering. Besides, they spent 6,000 years missing each other. Crowley wasn’t going to waste time now that Aziraphale was confessing his love and falling asleep in his arms. “I don’t want you to be upset anymore.”

“We won’t be upset anymore,” Aziraphale said. “I want to fill your days with joy from now on.”

Crowley had to stop himself from squeezing him like a teddy bear. “Wergh,” he said unintelligibly.

Aziraphale smiled softly. “You funny thing.” He nuzzled the tip of his nose into his neck. “That feels nice,” he whispered, referring to the fingers in his hair.

“Relaxing, hmmm?” he hummed playfully.

Aziraphale exhaled deeply out his nose. “All right, you win. I’ll close my eyes. If I dislike this, I’ll blame you.”
“Naturally.”

“Just be here when I awake. *If* I even fall asleep.”

Crowley hugged him closer and brought the blankets over them with a snap of his fingers. As if he’d ever leave Aziraphale all alone as he slept. “Of course. I’ll probably nap, too.” He was drowsy, but perfectly content to lie here with a big, dopey smile on his face as he caressed Aziraphale’s hair until he fell asleep. He glanced down to see as much of his face as he could. “You’re safe with me,” he told him, voice rumbling in his chest. “Relax for once.” He thought it was bonkers that he never let himself sleep for thousands of years. Napping was one of Crowley’s favorite parts of having a body. “You’ll like it. You deserve some shut-eye.”

Aziraphale let out a little, contented *mmmmm* and snuggled into him.

Crowley melted further and further into the mattress as he watched Aziraphale’s features smooth out entirely. His lips parted, and his breathing turned quiet, calm, and steady. The first little snore from his lips had Crowley curling his toes and trying to stop his smile from taking over his face entirely. He tucked the blankets around Aziraphale’s pale shoulder and closed his eyes, settling his face into his hair. A few thousand years ago, he would have loathed himself for being so utterly besotted with anyone, let alone an angel. Now? He was too old and happy to give a single damn. This was the best morning of his life, and it was hard to believe that this was only the beginning. He was loved, and allowed to love in return. It was madness. It was perfection.

End Notes

In 2020 I’ve decided to write whatever I want, including soft!top Crowley! Screw it! It’s my AO3 and I can write what I want.

If you liked this, please read my other *my Good Omens fics*!

Come say hi on my tumblr [@obsessivelollipoplalala!](https://obsessivelollipoplalala.tumblr.com)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](https://archiveofourown.org) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!